

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD OF ART



Garden figure, by Edith Woodman Burroughs.

THE Water Color Club must not think the Sun too ungrateful just because in our first breathless report of its annual show we recorded that there were no great masterpieces present and no geniuses who were clearly discernible as such looming upon the water colored horizon. That is always the first question that our anxious readers demand of us when we return from the annual water color show and instead also of the academics, that question about the geniuses.

"Yes," they always ask hopefully and "No," despairingly we always have to answer, for what would be the earthly use of telling this upon such occasions? One of our readers wrote the other day that we were foolish to look for new geniuses in such places, that never in the history of art had a genius been conceived and nurtured in an official institution of art; but that is only a sample of the sort of thing that people write to newspapers. We shall not be dissuaded. We intend to keep on looking for geniuses and, what's more, we intend to find some. We'll let you know, of course, when we do.

But brushing aside our disappointment in the lack of pictures of sensational merit, there is something maddening that may be said of this year's exhibition, just the same. We have not forgotten the wild agonies we underwent about this time last year at the prevalence of body color in all the water colors and at the rows and rows of pictures so labelled that looked like dolls. And doubtless the Water Color Club remembers our loud outcries thereat. Well, whether it is a single wish upon the part of the Water Color Club not to cause pain to THE Sun, or whether it is the result of a direct interference from on high, in answer to our prayers, of course we cannot say, but the fact remains that there is a very little body color in evidence this year.

For that relief we are devoutly thankful. Geniuses may come now at their own sweet will and there is a greater chance that they may not knock at these gates in vain. The committee has been liberal with its acceptances, almost too liberal, for five hundred drawings are more than most intelligences can grasp in one short month, but the majority of the acquiescences, while unpretending in style are nevertheless tolerable. Seeing that the committee will accept enough water color drawings in which the color has been flowed upon the paper in clear washes and in which the paper itself supplies the whites, thus to emphasize the chief advantage that the medium has, artists of originality who have experimented in this manner will be emboldened to submit their productions to this jury.

It was again an excellent idea to have asked for a special group of water colors from Mr. Weir and Mr. Hassam. Neither is in the world's front rank as a water colorist, neither relies for his reputation upon this medium, but both are firmly established artists, with years of experience in the use of oils, and both show their theme with the confidence of men who have not well over their days of stage fright; and in Mr. Weir's case, with the added dignity of one whose interest in nature surmounts his pleasure in tricks of expression. We do not know that these two men were guests of honor, but if not they should have been. We believe in the "genius of honor" principle.

The problem of raising the standards of exhibitions is a difficult one, and in New York most art societies have the appearance of evading it. They drift along with the sluggish current until a more than usually exasperating state of affairs brings a cry of protest from some one, and then there is a stir of activity that dies when the committee perceives that means have been found to stifle the critic.

Prizes apparently are not effective props to decaying art institutions. We believe we have explained several times to our readers why it is that geniuses do not win prizes, and we need not go into that now. There is even a theory that all of our Presidents were not only plucked at college, but were also the bad boys of their Sabbath day classes; but we believe that to be an exaggeration. Certainly it is far easier for a college graduate to become President of the United States than it is for a genius to win a prize in an art academy.

It may be that the President got his chance by appealing directly to the

people. It wouldn't be a bad idea, now that the people are taking such an interest in abstract questions, to submit to a vote at the next Presidential election the question of whom we may consider our most prodigious artist. We have a feeling that there might be some surprises at the runnings of our celebrities. What should you say for instance on the morning after election if you found Denham Ross of Boston and Abraham Walkowitz of New York sailing up Salt River and Mr. Tom Powers ensconced upon the throne?

Well, be that as it may, when we find our standards in water colors becoming somewhat relaxed, we believe in administering tonics. If a great person will not exhibit of his own accord, he must be lashed. Is there an artist of such distinction in the city, or in the country, that even his failures in the way of experimentation will be as interesting to students and the public as the successes of mediocrities? If so make a campaign to look this person up and secure him for the next Water Color Club. Is there a celebrated sculptor who has decided that since Michelangelo and Rodin could draw, he could too? Is there an architect whose friends are secretly saying, "By jove, that ex-quise of Bill's is great. He ought to give up architecture and go in for painting?"

If none of these rarities can be unearthed, then apply to Paris, Berlin or even London. There are plenty of clumps in those places where the water colors would jolt us from lethargy. It is not expensive to get them here. Business men secure them and profit by the public interest in them. Why not make the annual Water Color at least as much of an event as it used to be? Why not make it fashionable?

Neville Lytton of England, who paid us a visit last winter, and Kenyon Cox have both recently written of water colors. Mr. Lytton's essay being largely technical and Mr. Cox's dealing with the art of Winslow Homer and only incidentally touching upon technique. Both are excellent essays, full of matter that will be found inspiring to students. There are differences in minor points in the two arguments, but the definitions of each are in accord, and when they dilate upon their respective great men, Winslow Homer and Claude, they happen to follow curious parallels which we will quote.

Of the method, Mr. Cox writes: "The perfection of water color depends, largely, upon directness and rapidity. The material is never so beautiful as when it is washed in at once, with as little disturbance by reworking as may be, the white paper everywhere clear and luminous beneath and between the washes." Mr. Lytton's tenet is similar: "The colors should be laid on at once, and then no more touched. If the washes are messed about there is a great loss of transparency and quality, just as in fresco, if the modelling is not finished by the time the lime sets any additional finishing in secco impairs the purity and durability."

Mr. Cox continues: "It is the ideal material for rapid sketching from nature, because the sketcher, instead of sacrificing technical beauty to directness of expression, gains greater beauty with every increase of speed." "The more his mind (Homer's) is fixed upon the rendering of his impression, and the less he thinks of his material, the more beautiful his material becomes." Mr. Cox did not go on to say, because he was not writing a textbook, that the knowledge back of and illuminating this wonderful "delight of hand" of Homer's was obtained in another medium.

Mr. Lytton's is not a textbook either, but he goes well into the processes when explaining his choice of water color gods. He is very British in what he says about "blocking in" and "chiaroscuro" and in general displays an indifference to the delicate color as such that the American reader will be shocked. One can be grateful to him, however, for his enthusiasm for Girtin, who seemed "to have added something of Canaletto and Guardi to his English tradition. Turner said of him, 'If Tom Girtin had lived I should have started,' but Girtin would never have equalled the success of Turner, though he was a more perfect artist."

"The three greatest stylists of English water color are undoubtedly Turner, Girtin and Colman. Girtin is lucky in having left little behind him, but what is first rate, whereas there has been a mass for all Turner's worst works. Colman also lived to decline, but at his best he was perfect."

But greater than any English water colorist was Claude, so Mr. Lytton held. It is amusing to note that he claims that Claude's highest quality was reached in his aquarelles and that Mr. Cox makes a similar observation in regard to Homer's color. These are the parallelisms referred to. Of Claude Mr. Lytton writes:

"As a water colorist he is in a class by himself. No one else has ever been quite so free or accomplished, so reckless or so spontaneous. His touch is exquisite. Difficulties don't seem to exist for him. He uses a brush and wash as easily as most people speak. In his oil pictures he never reached quite the same level. His huge landscapes in oils are too far removed from improvisation. In them there are beautiful bits and wonderful atmosphere, but they do not contain enough of the original impulse."

This is Mr. Cox in regard to Winslow Homer's water colors: "They are vastly more beautiful in color than are the best of his oil paintings. Oil painting in its perfection is capable of a depth and splendor of color which water color painting can never equal, but oil painting as it is generally practised to-day, and as Homer practised it, is relatively poor and opaque in color, muddy and chalky or brown and heavy."

"Almost any water color painter, if he will refrain from emulating the solidity of oil paint and eschew the use of Chinese white, can attain a purity and brilliancy of tone which is very rare in modern oil painting. A master of the material like Homer, capable of striking in a hue in its full intensity at once, with just the gradations and modulations he wishes it to have, can make every part of his color sing, and can reach effects either of force or tenderness that are impossible to the founders in that pasty mass which modern oil painting too readily becomes."

Mr. Lytton cannot command the admirable English of our Mr. Cox, yet he writes unaffectedly and well, with the earnestness of a man who has studied his subject. At the conclusion of his little book he suddenly thinks of Paris and modern art. His behavior throughout the essay had been quite perfect until that point, but something about modern art touches this student of tradition to the quick and he howls in anguish just as Mr. Cox did last year.

Again, decidedly there is a parallel between the two.

"The Mecca of modern painters is Paris. They fly to it as the moth flies to the candle. They count deliberate death. Paris has destroyed the whole of European art. The Parisians themselves, who are quite without the quality of modesty, have a rooted belief that the present era of art in Paris is something so stupendously magnificent that beside it the Periclean age does not exist at all. The best French art has always been classic. The modern Parisians are anything but classic. The usual sense of the word 'modern' is ten years before the present and ten years after. I think 'modern' should mean 500 years before and 500 years after."

all of the 178 in their best lights. As the show appears to leave American sculpture in relatively the same position that it occupied a year ago it inspires no general topic, and nothing remains but to cite a few of the examples on display.

Those who attract the eye first are the sculptors who have been working for the Panama-Pacific Exhibition, Adolph A. Weinman, Edith Woodman Burroughs and Robert L. Aitken. Mr. Weinman's "Descending Night" is a winged female figure just alighting as from flight upon a rounded base, an agreeable base for a fountain. The wings are outspread in horizontal fashion above the head and the tresses of hair drop in pretty lines. There are

too complicated and there are things one might object to if one were to regard it as pure sculpture, such as the zigzagging lines of the legs of the principal male, the excessively prehensile toes in people who are otherwise modern, and the overelaborate sea animal perched above on the railing; but it is clear the sculptor has been enjoying himself, and with electric lights flashing upon it and colored waters gurgling through it perhaps our Western brothers will like it.

Mrs. Sara Morris Greene's "Balance" is a sturdy primeval specimen with a Latin animation in her face. Daniel Chester French's "Spirit of Water" is correct in modeling and "true to form" as golfers say. It is precisely

more because he wishes to raise a disturbance than because he has a grievance and who is continually "agin the Government," like the old fashioned Irishman, and for the same reason, although, of course, with that name on him he isn't Irish.

His show in the Folsom Galleries embraces many styles, including pictures that are meant to be satiric and some that are meant to be satiric, and still others in the fantastic line. He uses raw, strident colors, not because he has raw and strident truths to tell but because he has no training restricts him to a limited palette. Some people do wonder on the piano playing with one finger and the long pedal down, but they rarely venture, with their talent so unchained, to challenge comparisons with Busoni. Mr. Casarin's pictures are the noisier; that grace this town at present and the most monotonous.

They reminded me of the city band of Denver. Once some years ago, breaking a journey to the coast in that delightful halting place, we went out to the city park, for we had read that there was to be an open air concert that afternoon. I dragged my unbelieving traveling companion, Capt. Heichman of the U. S. A., to the scene, explaining that if the music were too dreadful we could sit a great distance off and smoke.

"We are too near already," suddenly said Capt. Heichman. "Can't you hear that bass drum?" It thumps, thumps, thumps always with the same percussion. I couldn't even smoke comfortably at this distance from that drum."

Looking at Mr. Casarin's art, a strange thing happened. For a moment my attention wandered from his vermillion, purples and greens and I found myself seeing instead, as in a vision, the curious formal landscape and the bright blue sky of the city park of Denver.

The joint exhibition of the work of Leon Bakst and Herbert Crowley in the gallery of the Berlin Photographic Company has been extended to and including November 27. The pictures will then be shown in Canada at the Art Museum of Montreal and later in Providence at the Rhode Island School of Design.

Louis C. Tiffany is now exhibiting at the Tiffany Studios a large window designed for his country home, Laurelton Hall, Crozier Road, which is executed in an entirely new manner and is his latest development in Pavlov glass.

The design is elaborate, showing several maidens accompanied by attendants bathing in a brook under great trees which cast deep shadows and also permit shafts of brilliant light to pierce through upon them and fields. There is a peacock in the foreground, and rises lend more color to the window.

All of this intricate design has been carried out in the new process. There is not a piece of painted glass in the window. The nymphs' faces and flowing tresses are in one piece of glass. The leg that plunges into the brook and the ripples of the waves in the water are also upon one piece of glass, but not painted. The effect is obtained by a process of etching. The glass is in layers of colors, and the top layers are bitten into until the desired tone comes through. The leads that were so essential, to hold stained glass have almost wholly disappeared.

The window will be exhibited at the San Francisco fair before its installation in Mr. Tiffany's home.

Erqahat Wilson's portrait of Mrs. George Leland Hunter has had a success in Buffalo, according to the Buffalo Evening News.

"It shows the painter in his happiest mood," says the News, inspired by the unusual beauty of a woman vibrant with life and emotion, and keenly sensitive to the joys and sorrows of her fellow humans.

The pose is bold, but justified by the success of the execution, the fully modeled left arm that rests on the back rail of the sofa giving both contrast and balance to the composition. The likeness is extraordinary, one of those likenesses that picture much more of the soul and mind and heart than is ever seen by strangers, or often by even those most intimate. The portrait is a characterization of the highest type, and is praised by the most difficult critic of all, Mrs. Hunter's husband."

Next Tuesday evening at the Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Central Park West, Alexander T. Van Laer will continue his course of free public lectures on art for adults with a lecture on "Painting in America with Remarks Upon the Post-Impressionists." The following week he will conclude his course with a discussion of "Paintings at the Metropolitan Museum." On the evening of December 1 a new course of lectures will be opened at the Museum of Natural History by Alfred Martin, associate leader of the Society for Ethical Culture, the subject being "Italian Art."

On Thursday evening at Public School 165, 10th street and Amsterdam avenue, John Quincy Adams, assistant secretary of the Municipal Art Commission, will continue his course on "Art and Daily Life" with a lecture on "The Beauty of Machine Made Things," and the same evening at Public School 39, 288 East Fifty-seventh street, Louis Weinberg of the College of the City of New York, will lecture on "Whistler; the Tone Poet."

Gutson Borglum, the sculptor, repeated his lecture, "The Service of Art," yesterday at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Henry J. Davidson lectures there November 28, on "Some Decorative Principles and Problems," followed on November 30 by Lawrence Binyon of England, whose topic is "Japanese Prints, an Art of the People," and on December 12 by Leon Dabo, who will talk upon "Landscape Painting from Constable to Van Gogh."

The work of the art department of the Washington Irving High School is now on view and open to the public, in the Municipal Gallery at 39 Irving place. It remains open until November 25. The Cathedral Parkway gallery contains an exhibition of landscapes of European subjects by Harold C. Dunbar until November 28.

Kennedy & Co. have placed on view a number of pastels by Whistler of the rarest quality. They are street scenes, Venetian quays, interiors, all lightly touched to the paper as by butterfly wings, and with insouciant, adolescent, haunting butterfly colors. To supplement the exhibition Mr. Kennedy, secured from William M. Chase the latter's portrait of Whistler, the portrait that at first Whistler liked, but which he afterward repudiated and grew angry at, saying it lampooned him. In the second gallery a large collection of

Whistler lithographs and etchings, including many impressions of great rarity, are on view. The exhibition remains until November 30.

The Books of the Year exhibition in the National Arts Club galleries contains many of the best originals of the best of current illustrations. A Castaigne's street scene in Baden is highly finished, as his drawings always are, and replicates this time with life and atmosphere. W. Gless's beach scenes are spirited and in attractive color. Among the other artists who are prominent are Walter Taylor, Frank Craig, De Zayas and a George Hood, who will be arrested by Maxfield Parrish for plagiarism if he doesn't watch out.

The artists of Boston, painters, sculptors and miniaturists, have undertaken a most interesting experiment, which if successful is likely to work reforms in the methods of exhibiting and selling works of Boston art.

Within the last twenty years a group of painters has grown up in Boston who have gained recognition all over the country as the Boston School. The members are quite independent, each following his own ideals and related to the others only by an interest in sound craftsmanship. For many years, however, they have been badly hampered by local conditions, which made it most difficult to give adequate exhibitions of their work, but they feel now that they have solved the problem successfully by the organization of the Guild of Boston Artists, which carries with it the equipment of a building centrally located in the Back Bay district where there will be ample space for exhibitions, collective and individual, as well as showrooms for the sale of pictures and the like.

The guild is modeled closely after the craftsmen guilds of the Renaissance. They stood primarily for sound workmanship. Membership was a guarantee to patrons of art that an artist belonging to such a body was a good workman. It is believed that to some degree the Boston guild will stand for just that—an assurance that anything produced will be up to a certain standard. Among members of this guild are some whose reputation is international and others who it is believed will attain equal distinction.

The galleries of the guild will be primarily for the works of Boston artists. The works of these men cover the widest possible range, so that a pleasant variety will obtain in the exhibitions.

The present plan is to have a series of "one man" or group shows in one gallery and in the others constantly changing general exhibitions of the works of members. This will insure that a visitor will at any time find new things of interest. It is also intended to form each year a representative collection of the work of the guild members to be sent to other cities of the country wherever dates can be arranged.

The basis of the guild is cooperative and it contains active and associate members. The active members are in turn entitled to individual exhibitions of one fortnight each in the guild gallery, 162 Newbury street. Each active member will also contribute one work of art to be placed on continuous exhibition in the salesroom connected with the gallery. During the summer months all the artists will be represented in a general exhibition.

The associate members are lovers of art who are interested in the undertaking. In return for a small annual fee they receive tickets to the private views and each year a signed reproduction of some drawing or other work of art by a member of the guild.

The officers of the guild are: Edmund C. Tarbell, president; William W. Churchill, treasurer; Mrs. Lilla Cabot Perry, secretary. Associated with these as members of the board of managers are Frank W. Benson, I. M. Gausgengel, Bela L. Pratt and Charles H. Woodberry.

Through the Symphony Orchestra music, under happier auspices than painting, has given to Boston an international celebrity. The guild should give to Boston artists an opportunity to make their native city equally well known as an art centre.

WHEN YOU GRIT YOUR TEETH.

PROBABLY you don't know that there is a pressure of 250 pounds to the square inch on the teeth when the average citizen grinds his molars together at a ball game or because a fight comes so often," said a dentist. "The pressure may be less or it may be greater, but 250 pounds is the average."

"And think of the damage that may be done. One of my customers cracked off a porcelain tooth in his sleep one night when he crunched his teeth together, probably dreaming about a business deal. What did he do? He came around the next day and told me I was a punk dentist and that the tooth which I had put in a short time before was a fake."

"I told him all about the 250 pounds pressure and that probably no artificial tooth would stand such a strain. But I don't think he believed a word of it because he went away angry and I have not seen him since. I had figured out that that particular tooth was a rather artistic piece of work too."

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Decoration for State Capitol of Utah, by E. H. Blashfield.

A new artistic fact takes just about 1,000 years to manifest itself.

Fifty American sculptors send 178 specimens of their recent work to an invitation exhibition at Gotham's, and the world of fashion moves up and down the avenue as blithely as before. Indeed, there is scarcely a ripple of excitement. It may be that the weather is still too perfect for any works of art to compete with it. Or it may be that the show lacks the power of attraction. If the last should be it then we must blame it upon the sculptors, but not upon the epoch, but not upon Mr. Purdy, who has done his duty nobly in placing the objects. It is no mean feat to arrange 178 sculptures in a small gallery so that there appears to be not nearly so many, and have

many pretty lines in the figure, which will be liked by those who like the bouguerian as a painter. A strict follower of Bouguerian, however, would have been a little more sure in the construction of the torso. At present the chest of this angel caves in weakly.

Mrs. Burroughs's "Garden Figure" is apparently a baby's portrait. Placed in a garden, one would be continually in fight lest the little dear would throw the ball, jump from the pedestal or do some other naughty thing. It's a handsome child, modelled earnestly. Mr. Aitken's contribution is a fragment from an immense fountain for the San Francisco fair. There is an architectural frame with a Hermes at each end modelled in the Paul Manish fashion, and within the frame five figures are interlaced. The design is a bit

like what you expect from Mr. French. The hair protrudes from the forehead to make a shadow for the face and the drapery curves over the hip and in a straight line downward just as it should. "The Fruit of the Earth" by Gutson Borgum is inflated and vague, but has some good modeling seen from certain viewpoints. Chester Beach sends "Wave Horses"; A. St. L. Elber, "Hachanah"; R. L. Hinton, a tall figure "Vanity"; and Mrs. MacNeil exhibits a charming little figure, unconscious and childlike, called "The Waves."

ART NEWS AND COMMENT.

THERE is ground to believe that Athos Casarin is a tumultuous, protesting, inexperienced, rebellious individual who protests and rebels



Courtesy of Hahlo & Co. Portrait drawing of Mrs. Walter Lewisohn, by Prince Paul Troubetsky.